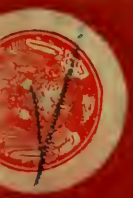
PS
1764
.G287W5



Class PS1764

Book .G287W5

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
OFFICE OF
DEC 30 1897
Register of Copyrights.
TWO COPIES RECEIVED

EDITION LIMITED TO 250 COPIES.

No. 250

PS1764
.G287W5

Copyright 1897 by Marshall Winslow Greene, New York.

IGHT,
PUBLISHER,
R ST., N. Y.

8/8

Illustrations.

TITLE-PAGE. Drawn by MORTON TOWNSEND. . . . . .

VIEW IN OLD AMSTERDAM. From a painting by E. SHOEPLER. . . .

PASTOR ROBINSON ON THE DECK OF THE SPEEDWELL IN DELFT HAVEN. . . .

ON SHIPBOARD. . . . . .

ELIZABETH TILLEY. Vignette. . . . . .

THE PARENTS'-BURIAL ON COLE'S HILL (THEN BURIAL HILL). . . . . .

ELIZABETH TILLEY AND JOHN HOWLAND. Full page. . . . . .

HOWLAND'S GRAVE ON BURIAL HILL (THEN FORT HILL). . . . . .

"GOOD-BYE, OLD SHIP." . . . . .

NATIONAL MONUMENT TO THE PILGRIMS AT PLYMOUTH. . . . . .

GROUP WATCHING MAYFLOWER. From painting by A. W. BAYES. . . . .

TOWN BROOK, PLYMOUTH. From photograph. . . . . .

MEETING-HOUSE AND FORT ON FORT HILL (NOW BURIAL HILL). By W. L. WILLIAMS.

PILGRIMS GOING TO CHURCH. From painting by BRIDGMAN. . . . . .

THE HOWLAND HOUSE (BUILT IN 1666), ON SANDWICH STREET. From photograph. .

TAIL-PIECE. . . . . .

When the Mayflower Sailed Away.

A Trying Day in the Life of the Pilgrim Maiden, Elizabeth Tilley, who married John Howland.

BY RICHARD HENRY GREENE, A.M.,LL.B.

NO, John, I am not down hearted
And tired of our wilderness life,
But that windlass with its clicking
Is cutting my soul like a knife;
For it seems like burning the bridges,
And cutting off every retreat,
I fancy I see, thro' the dim beyond,
Leyden's houses and street;

Our Dear old Pastor Robinson,
Delft Harbor, the parting, the prayer,
Come back to me now, as the Mayflower
Spreads her arms to the air.
The breeze is caught by the canvas,
I know she has started amain,
And to-morrow, beyond the horizon,
We never may see her again.

From summer's heat, and old England,
To this coast and winter's snow,
That ship was our only country,
Where I learned to love you so;

For then I was but a girl, you know,
I had father and mother kind;
The way ahead, tho' untried, was bright,
The shadows were all behind.

Yes, the night we stood in sorrow,
Yonder by the open grave,
Childhood left me and the morrow
Found me learning to be brave.

Neither Elder Brewster's reading,
Nor our leader Carver's love,
Half so powerful were in leading
My poor heart to look above,
As the care you seemed to give me,
Even when removed from view,
And I learned to trust the Saviour,
Partly, John, from loving you.
Am I foolish to be talking
While the ship that brought us o'er,
Like a thing of life, is walking
Every moment from our shore?
See! Old England's Banner rising,
Point with gladness to its goal,
Flowing tides of the Bay
Where the Mayflower lay
Soon unoccupied will roll.

Norton Townsend
'97

Months have broken up our party,
Half are underneath the sod;
On Burial Hill they are cold and still,
But their souls are with their God
I will be brave, John Howland,
And He will carry us through.
We will face each duty that comes to
And to each other be true.
Good-bye! old ship, familiar,
A wearisome home for a child;
Yet while you fade in ocean mists,
Here in this region wild,

There are hearts, despite discomforts,
Years and years will follow thee;
And others, too, long hence, will revere,
The ship and her company.

Now it fades from sight and never
Can we call it back again.
Every tie with home is severed,
Naught is seen upon the main
But a broad expanse of water,
And behind, a forest wild.

"Heavenly Father! hear the orphan!
Dear lost parent, see your child;
Strengthen me for every duty
Keep the poor flock, stranded here.
As we think of what has happened,
We must dread another year.

Out of sight the Mayflower going
May be greeted by our friends,
They may never know our sorrows
And the ills that fortune sends
To this band who, conscience-guided,
Left their native land to roam
In the stranger's land and over
Yonder sea to find a home.
God in mercy bless and keep us,
And whatever is Thy will,
Let the pilgrim band forever
Be Thy faithful children still."

Thus she let her thoughts be uttered
While the strong man listened there,
Till the eloquence of nature
Reached the closing word of prayer.

What he might have said we know not,
But just then across the brook
His quick eye beheld a shadow,
And without another look
Quick he took her hand and leading
Left her in the company
Of their friends, who still were standing
Gazing out upon the sea.

Then, returning to the brook-side,
If perchance the savage still
With a company or single
Might be prowling on the hill.
But he looked in vain, and crossing
Searched the woods in useless quest;
When again he crossed the Town-Brook
Day was sinking in the west.

As he stood where they together
Saw the Mayflower disappear,
He resolved, if she would join him,
They would build their cabin here.

When the site of Howland's home lot
In that town is sought to-day,
You are shown the spot they stood on
When the Mayflower sailed away,
Opposite the Pilgrim fountain
Where the home of Brewster stood;
But the buildings now have hidden
Brook and bank and further wood
Where the savage watched the exiles
As the vessel passed from view.
And we find that Howland, later,
Was possessed of that spot, too.

Gone is meeting-house and watch tower,
Every vestige of that day,
But the rock and brook and harbor,
Has been changed or passed away.

Now the only Plymouth building
Which a Pilgrim touch can prove,
Is the Howland house on Sandwich
Where he saw the shadow move.

But the nation which they builded,
And the good they came to find,
Will continue and extending
Prove a blessing to mankind.

APPENDIX.

Mr. H. R. Howland gives the following facts, which will be of interest to many:

"John Howland, from County Essex, England, born 1592 or 1593, came as a member of Gov. Carver's family, probably (from his early prominence in the Colony) as his general man of affairs. By family tradition was always believed to have been Carver's son-in-law, until the discovery of Bradford's MSS. showed that Carver left no children, though possibly his wife may have been Carver's granddaughter. Narrowly escaped drowning on the voyage. Married in the latter part of 1623 (after August 14) or early in 1624, Elizabeth, daughter of John Tilley. Was one of the eight 'Undertakers' who purchased the rights of the Colony from the Merchant Adventurers. Was an 'Assistant' in 1633, 1634, and 1635. Commanded the trading post on the Kennebec in 1634. Was for more than twenty years Representative for Plymouth in the General Court. Died February 23, 1672–3, aged above eighty years."

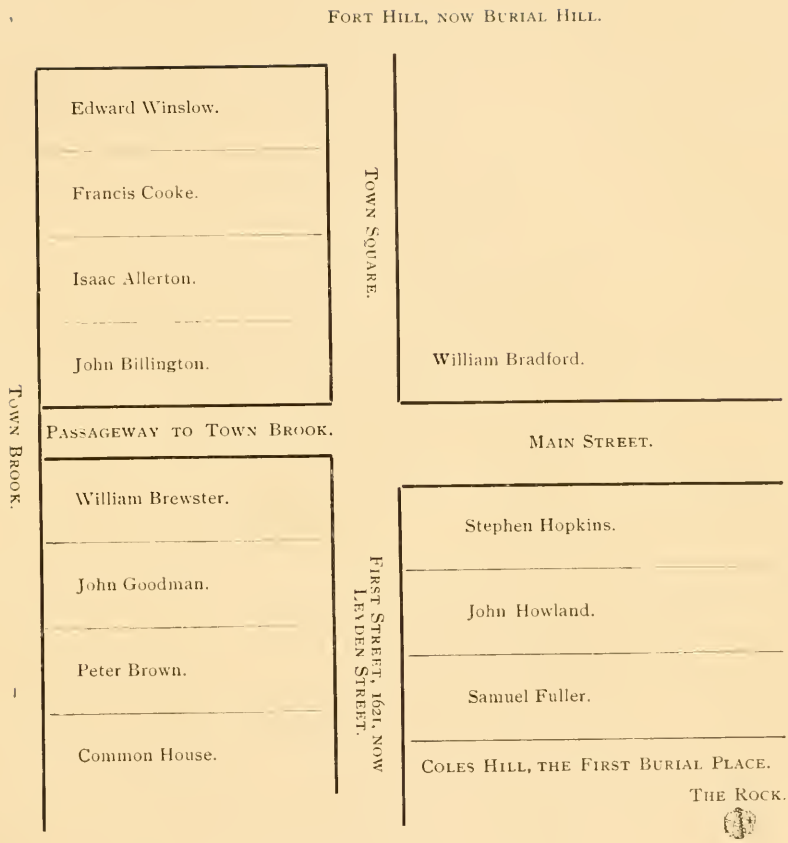
There is little to be added to the above. We might say, the Pilgrims who, December 8, 1620, had the first hostile meeting with the savages were Carver, Bradford, E. Winslow, Standish, John and Edward Tilley, Howland, Warren, Hopkins, Dotey, J. Allerton

and English. This was called First Encounter, and took place at Great Meadow, Truro.

These last-named Pilgrims were the party who first landed at Plymouth, December 11 (O. S.). Their report brought the Mayflower with the rest of the company, December 16, 1620, from the anchorage off Provincetown.

William T. Davis, in his "Ancient Landmarks of Plymouth," at page 302, alludes to this house as follows:

"The next lot, on which the Carver House stands, has a record of unusual interest. It was granted by the town in 1667 to Jacob Mitchell, who built a portion of the house now standing. . . . . After a few years he moved to Dartmouth, and was killed by the Indians, in King Philip's War, in 1675. At the time of his removal he sold the estate to Jabez Howland, son of John Howland, of the Mayflower, who also made it his residence. . . . . Mr. Howland occupied it until 1680, when he moved to Bristol, and sold it to Elkanah Watson. . . . . No house yet described is more nearly associated with the Pilgrims than this. Owned and occupied, as it undoubtedly was, by Jabez Howland before the death of his father and mother, it is fair to presume that its floors have been trodden by those two passengers of the Mayflower, and that its walls have listened to their voices. Let this ancient structure be added to the list of Pilgrim memorials, and hereafter share with the rock our veneration and respect."



PLYMOUTH, MASS., 1621.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 016 117 378 2